never have known his story, but he would have passed over to heaven or hell at least with his head unbowed. As it was he came here. He was no moral Hercules. He was not even particularly wise. He did not find perfect peace or even satisfaction. Does anyone anywhere ? And in the long run Nature had her way with his tormented body and struggling soul. He was clubbed under. But at least no Paris tombstone records the earthly resting-place of still another infinitesimal cog in the wheel who died respected and lamented, R.I.P. Somewhere in the infinite void Paul Gauguin knows that he escaped that badge. He preferred union with the Soul of Polynesia.

His neighbour here, who knew him so well, can recount for us the authentic story of his manner of life, take it as you will. He would come across in the morning to find the painter at his easel in his open-air studio under the pandanus-thatched roof, naked as likely as not, bearded, smoking innumer-

able cigarettes, engrossed in painting and un-
approachable. They were old cronies by now, and
Gauguin would merely throw him a monosyllable
and continue to paint while he sat down to watch.
Or the artist would be making his strange carvings